swayed both their souls by some occult magnetism he was indignant.

He could have endured it for her, but that he, a strong man, should be drawn like a piece of iron filing to the magnet by this fellow, whom he hated and whom he knew to be a villain, mortified his pride.

"It was only a chance coincidence," he said angrily to himself.

The next morning he called at the house where he had been the night before with the singer. He had lost his programme of the concert, and could not recall her name. But he trusted to his wit to find her.

A colored man answered his impatient ring at the bell.

"Is there a public singer living in this building?" Henshall asked.

"Yes, sir; there's two—Mrs. Bucks and Miss Dudley."

"Where is the man who was on duty last night at 11 o'clock?" he inquired.

"He doesn't come on till 6 this evening," was the answer.

"Well, you can take me to Miss Dudley's," he said impatiently at a venture.

The elevator boy took him up to the third floor and pointed to the door on the left. "That is Miss Dudley's," he said.

Henshall rang the bell. The door was opened after two or three minutes by a young woman whom he had never seen.

"Can I see Miss Dudley for a moment?" he asked.

"What do you want to see her for?" said the young woman.

"It is on a matter of private business," he replied.

The lady's face was not at all encouraging as she replied, "I do not know it."

"Have you any objections to telling me why you and Miss Neville exchanged dresses last night and why you led me on such a wild goose chase?"

The lady's eyes twinkled a little with merriment as she recalled the incident. Then she replied provokingly:

"Why, I thought the least I could do after your goodness in supplying me with a coupe to come home in was to allow you to accompany me—as far as the door. So you didn't mean to come with me at all," she went on ironically. "How mortifying!"

"Miss Dudley, I've no doubt it was very amusing to hoodwink me as you did. But you have not told me why you changed dresses with Miss Neville and wore her cloak."

"Why, you see, she asked me to," said Miss Dudley, opening her eyes and looking very innocent.

"And why did she ask you to?" retorted Henshall, showing a little irritation. "I don't suppose it is a common thing for young women who sing or take part in the same concert to change clothes with each other to go home in!"

Miss Dudley smiled again. Then, as if feeling that she had carried the matter far enough in this line, she said decidedly and with a serious countenance:

"I have told you all I have to say about the matter. If you wish to know more you will have to see Miss Neville herself, and I do not really know her address. So I can be of no service to you, and I must beg you to excuse me now."

"Miss Dudley," said Henshall, softening his tone, "you would not have acted as you have unless you were a friend to Miss Neville. Believe me, you would do her no harm by trusting me, as I am—ahem!—a true friend to the young lady.

"I had the pleasure of rescuing her from a man who was annoying her with his attentions only last evening. I feel sure that it was the wish to escape him that led her to propose this extraordinary change of dress. Your being so nearly the same height and figure as Miss Neville made this an easy means of throwing him off the track. Am I not right?"

Miss Dudley's eyes had opened rather wide as he was speaking, and when he was through she exclaimed:

"Then you are not the man?"

"I am not the man, I swear to you," said Henshall.

"I am not the man, I swear to you."

The singer reflected for a moment and then said: "I do not see what harm it can do to tell you the truth in any case. Even if you are the man, nothing that I say would do any harm now. Who is the man?" she asked suddenly, fixing her eyes on the young fellow.

"He is an Italian mind reader whose real name is Leopardi. I know him to be a villian," replied Henshall at once.

"I only asked that to see if you would have an answer ready." Miss Dudley returned, smiling roguishly again. "Well, I will tell you the whole thing. After her last solo Miss Neville was strangely agitated. She came to me trembling and said: 'There is a man whom I greatly fear, because, although I detest him, he has an influence over me which I cannot resist. From the way I felt while I was playing I believe he was somewhere in the hall. I desire above all things to avoid meeting this man. My happiness in life may be destroyed if he should find where I am living. Will you not change dresses with me and wear my wrap? We are so nearly alike in figure that if you go out in these clothes and veil yourself well he can easily mistake you for me and will follow you. I feel as if he would wait until he sees me come out.'

"She so impressed me," continued Miss Dudley, "that I consented. The fun of the thing tickled my fancy, too. Well, when I came out and you addressed me as Miss Neville and invited me into the coupe which you had engaged, I felt sure you were the man. I thought I was helping Miss Neville all the more by bringing you home with me. Then it was a satisfaction to show you how you had been fooled."

She laughed and then said earnestly, "And you are not the man at all, then?"

"No, I am not the man at all," replied Henshall. "You acted a friendlier part. Now, you can act a still friendlier one if you will help me find this young woman. I believe she needs assistance and I shall gladly aid her."

Miss Dudley darted a keen glance at his handsome face as she answered: "I do not doubt it in the least. But I know nothing about Miss Neville more than I have told you. Still, when I see her I will tell her what you have said, and if you leave your address with me I will write to you what she says."

With this Henshall had to be content. He saw that the singer was sincere in what she said so far as he could judge. He went to Steinway hall and got Heinrich Neuberger's address. It was on Third avenue, far up town.

He decided to call at Miss Hartman's on his way up to let Mrs. Smith know that he had seen her villainous husband. This would help to cement the confidence between them which he wished to inspire.

When he rang the bell he told the servant to give his card to Mrs. Smith. He penciled on it: "Come down for a moment. Do not say I am here."

He entered the parlor and waited. In a very short time Mrs. Smith presented herself. She seemed flurried, but glad to see him.

"You came at a very opportune time. I can trust you implicitly, can I not?" she asked, looking at him fixedly.

"Certainly. I want you to do so. I want your help and will give you mine. I saw your husband last night," he added.

"Read that and see what it means," said Mrs. Smith, drawing a letter from her pocket. "Do not be afraid to do so because it is directed to Miss Hartman. I have read it," and her eyes flashed, "and I know he meant villainy by it."

Henshall hastily ran his eye over the letter. It was as follows:

"Miss Lena Hartman—If Mr. Henry Henshall has any relations to you which would make his compromising another young woman of interest to you ask him what he has to do with a girl who plays the violin in public and whose stage name is Lotise Neville. He may deny that he knows her, but you are entitled to this warning from

"A Friend."

Henshall raised his eyes interrogatively to Mrs. Smith.

"That note came this morning," she said excitedly. "The handwriting is disguised, but I know the character of Leopardi's Italian letters too well not to detect it. I took the liberty of opening it, thinking I had a right as his wife," she said bitterly, "to know what he would write to a young lady engaged to a young gentleman. When I read it I decided not to let Miss Hartman know anything about it, and felt it was only fair to show it to you."

"It is only his devilish malice perhaps," said Henshall, "for he hates me. But I do not know how he could have found out my name and my engagement to Miss Hartman."

He then told Mrs. Smith the history of yesterday. When he was through she exclaimed: "That man seems to me devilish at times. Keep this letter at all events. It may come into play later."

When Henshall left her he went at once to Neuberger's. What was his astonishment when that gentleman said to him: "Miss Neville has accepted an engagement to appear in San Francisco with a manager named Rudolph Opper. She started for there this morning."

"Beaten again!" said Henshall savagely to himself as he descended the stairs. "But I will find her if I have to follow her around the world."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

TWO OREGON JOURNALISTS.

President and Secretary of the State Press Association for 1890.

[Special Correspondence.]

Portland, Ore., Sept. 24.—The recent annual meeting of the Oregon Press association at Portland elected as its president for the next year Mr. L. Samuels, publisher of West Shore. Mr. Samuels' career as a publisher is not without interest to newspaper men, at least, as it illustrates in a striking manner some of the difficulties attendant upon frontier journalism. Sixteen years is not a long period of time, considered in the light of centuries, but when we go back sixteen years in the history of Portland, Ore., we stand on the threshold of pioneer days in a remote frontier town. There was not a railroad nearer than San Francisco, nearly 1,000 miles away, and but three steamers a month connected Portland with the outside world. Under these circumstances it required no small degree of nerve for a man to begin publication of an illustrated paper when he had to look to San Francisco and New York, the latter city being at least twenty days away, for his paper and the cuts for illustrations. Not a paper mill was on the whole Pacific slope at that time, and there were no facilities in the state for making illustrations. It was under such conditions that West Shore had its beginning. Things have changed since then, and now the paper stands in the front rank of its class as an illustrated newspaper, dealing with current events in colors as well as vigorous text.

L. SAMUELS.

The president of the Oregon Press association is of German descent, under medium height, thickset, with a quiet, "get-there-Eli" expression of face. Born in Germany, he came to California when 11 years old, and settled in Portland twenty years ago, where he has lived ever since. He is therefore an old pioneer, not only as a journalist, but as an adopted "Webfoot." Mr. Samuels combines more features in his bright little paper than is usually attempted in papers of its class. Cartoons resembling those of Puck and Judge comprise one feature; current comment and illustrating current events is another feature; Ella Higginson's woman's department is an able one; lately a "Boys and Girls'" corner has been added, while the jokes of the comic page afford mirth to a wide range of exchange clippers. Mr. Samuels, aided by the tireless zeal of E. C. Pentland, secretary, and publisher of West Side, at Independence, Ore., will look well to the interests of the association of Oregon editors who have intrusted their organic welfare to these gentlemen for the year 1890-91. E. G. W.

E. C. PENTLAND.

Figured at a Ball.

Barber—This razor has been used for something besides shaving.

Darky (bashfully)—Well, I guess.—Munsey's Weekly.

BEGGARS IN ALL LANDS.

BEGGING AS A FOREIGN INDUSTRY DESCRIBED.

The Cry for Backshish in the East. Methods of Russians, Spaniards, Italians, Germans, French and Irish—Americans the Chief Givers.

[Special Correspondence.]

New York, Sept. —Begging would seem to be a racial habit. It may not be such, however, beyond a partial extent. For, while the common people of every country in Asia, Africa and Europe are addicted to begging, they beg in different degrees, with wide variations. Character, intelligence, education count nearly as much perhaps as blood does in this matter, and are indeed in a way dependent on blood.

In the east begging appears to be the chief business of life, as all who have traveled in Anatolia (Asia Minor), Syria, Turkey, Egypt, wherever Arabs prevail, will eagerly witness. From the hour one enters the territory that they infest, be it where it may, until one leaves them behind the cry of "Backshish!" is continually in one's ears. We often hear of men who go abroad without learning a word of any foreign tongue, but everybody learns in five minutes after meeting an Arab in his habitat that backshish means a gratuity of money. He may be told that it is Persian, but he will be willing to swear that it is the commonest of common substantives, and the principal term used in every language spoken in the lands bordering the eastern shores of the Mediterranean. Backshish is so muttered, grunted, shrieked, howled, roared throughout that whole region that many Americans regard it as the integral expression of the orient. There is a tradition that the first thing an Arab child lisps, the last thing the Arab man's dying lips utter, is backshish. His cupidity is insatiable. Give him much or little, curse him, beat him, bind him hand and foot, hurl him into the Nile, the Jordan, the Euphrates, the Tigris, the Dardanelles or the Bosporus, he will gasp with his last breath for backshish.

Begging, like manners and reputation, comes from the east. Its practice is proportioned generally to the condition of the government, to the subjection and poverty of the inhabitants. In the east despotism, servility and pauperism are the rule, hence the eternal petition for alms, which is an instinct of the people and a necessity of their ignorance.

In Russia, especially at the capital and in the leading towns like Moscow, Archangel, Astrakhan, Kharan, Khiev, Novgorod, Perm, Smolensk, Odessa, begging is very common, priests of the Greek church, usually illiterate and often immoral, being the greatest beggars in the name of religion. Superstition is rife among the peasants, and skepticism among the nobility and the upper classes, and superstition and beggary go hand in hand.

The empire, to which so much shuddering attention has been recently directed by official barbarities, is in a distressing state in other than political ways. The peasantry are as ignorant as they are loyal, and to them the continuation of the autocracy is due. If they could only think, the present form of government would not last twelve months longer. The machinery of the empire is so complicated that it is impossible to tell who is responsible for the cruelties constantly practiced there. The czar is popularly thought to be, but he is not. If he would lay down his crown the odious system would still go on. All civilization is shocked at the trustworthy accounts received of horrors that would have disgraced the reign of Nero. It would seem as if every enlightened government should protest against the atrocities sanctioned there by authority, and interfere, if need be, with armed force between the people and their oppressors. What is the use of enlightened government if it cannot insist on the preservation of common humanity in a first class power?

The doom of the odious rule and system is written. Russia is certain to be a constitutional monarchy ere long. Until it is such, nihilism, with all its ferocity and destruction, would seem to be justified. Beside what confronts us in those dominions beggary, superstition and the corruption with which the entire country is saturated appear insignificant. It is consolatory to believe that a radical change cannot be very far off.

Spain has ever been the realm of mendicancy, notably Andalucia, where ignorance, superstition and indigence are at their worst. Efforts have been made latterly toward its suppression, though without much success. Begging is a trade there which descends from sire to son. Beggars in order to excite pity and insure alms expose their crippled limbs, their deformities, their ghastly ulcers, and frequently maim and wound themselves to this end. They have no sensibility, no sense of shame. They have been so long degraded that they have no consciousness of degradation. If they can extract a few cuartos or pesetas from a passer by they think of nothing else; they are happy in their miserable way. They have extraordinary success with our compatriots, who give quickly to save themselves from the sickening sights prepared for display. Consequently the beggars have learned to distinguish an American at the longest range of the eye.

The Italians are, on the whole, the most professional and cheerful of beggars, but in the south they often copy the loathsome methods of the Spaniards. The government has labored hard to abate them since the unification of the kingdom, but they will not be abated. They seem to belong to the pictorial peninsula, as much so as the bell towers and the Apennines. It is almost impossible to be offended with them ordinarily. They are even when old like children, and are so manifestly acting that their professions of wretchedness are amusing. When they see a stranger they at once put on a doleful face, and move toward him with some such phrase as "Give me a few soldi for love of the Virgin." If he imitates their manner and their speech they see that they are understood, and begin to laugh. Then they tell him promptly that he ought to pay something for enjoying their beautiful country—they honestly believe this—and they are apt to get something for their frankness. Children are especially employed for mendicants, their parents sending them forth on daily missions of the sort, and the children regard it as business combined with pleasure.

The lower order of Italians are so poor, so ingenuous, so ductile, so careless, so irresponsible, they have grown so accustomed to dependence, that eleemosynary aid seems to them no doubt to be their due. Alms they reckon as a proprietary interest inherited from nature and the soil. They are conscious of no mere unbecomingness in such solicitations than in seeking the winter sunshine or in wooing the summer breeze. Hence they are not degraded by the habit, as we should be. One must have a definite feeling of self esteem before one can realize the nature of self abasement; and neither one nor the other is shared by them, or by any of the foreign proletariat.

We Americans should always bear this in mind in judging of other nations and of alien customs. It is essential, in order to have correct views, to be at all just or catholic. Nor should we forget that we have no class answering to the peasantry or the common people abroad. We are all politically equal, and the fact helps to make us equal otherwise. We born as a people in a new world, unencumbered with traditions or musty authorities, only a hundred years ago. Now we have the faults, far outweighed by corresponding virtues, of a very young, entirely buoyant and exceptionally prosperous commonwealth.

The Germans, comparatively, seldom beg, because they are generally educated, and because the laws against begging are very stringent and likely to be enforced. The commonalty are very poor, however—the whole empire is poor to a degree little understood here—and the temptation, therefore, to ask for money, especially of strangers, when not observed by the police, is strong beyond their power of resistance. In the large cities vagabonds are many and thirsty, and solicitations for drink money (trinkgeld) frequent in populous quarters after dark. A large number of people, too, are idle because they cannot get work, and idle people soon drift into mendicancy in spite of ordinances. In Prussia little beggary is seen; but in the southern part of Bavaria, and in many other districts, foreigners are often besought for alms on all sorts of pretexts.

Americans are thus approached more frequently than any other people, though they are usually confounded outside the big towns with the English. Mendicants everywhere are practical physiognomists; they can tell better than Lavater, or any of his disciples, whether a passing face is benevolent or weak enough to give for the asking.

Americans are indubitably distinguished by kindheartedness above any and every other people, and this trait is more or less visible in their countenances. They go nowhere abroad without paying for their gracious aspect, and as a result they find more beggars than other peoples do. They carry a sign on which is written, "If you want charity apply here," and the demands on them are therefore countless and perpetual. I have been assured by Germans that beggars are unknown in Berlin, Posen, Magdeburg or Schwerin—after I had been importuned for alms in each of those cities a score of times a day. Natives are not qualified to judge of such cases. They are apt to be avoided by mendicants, who are afraid of arrest if they apply to them, and who, moreover, discover no groschens or kreutzers in their physiognomies.

France is remarkably free, in the main, from beggars, thanks, in a measure, to the vigilance of the police; but the southern provinces are more or less infested with them. Paris has fewer than any other European city. One may spend weeks there without any annoyance of the kind. The French are extremely industrious, and hard as they have to work for money they generally prefer to earn it honestly. The great revolution of 1789, sanguinary and horrible as it was, endowed the country with a degree of strength, independence and progress that still animates it. The people are intelligent even when uneducated, are disinclined to superstition, are thrifty and temperate. Consequently mendicancy has none of the attractions which it has for the other Latin nations.

The inhabitants of Ireland, except in the north, with many noble qualities, are so heedless and lavish that they rarely provide for the morrow. Hence, with unfavorable surroundings, they are generally very poor, and hence again prone to beggary. At the lakes of Killarney they are seen in the perfection of mendicancy. They are so witty, so eloquent, so picturesque, so extravagant that tourists bestow alms for the entertainment furnished. The southern Irish beg on occasion wherever they are, at the same time that they give profusely. They do it much after the Italian fashion, as if it were a species of histrionism for which they were rehearsing.

If there be any part of Europe in which you would say, at a venture, there are no beggars, that part would seem to be England. Yet it abounds, London notably, in beggars of the lowest, most hardened, repulsive order. Nor is mendicancy confined to the rank and file. It is hard to discover any class who will not take money. I have not yet tried the Prince of Wales or his set, and I suspend my judgment for the time, accordingly.

What of the Americans? They, thank nature and the cause of freedom, are incapable of begging. They would rather work or borrow or default. Mendicancy is not in their temperament, their fate or their horoscope. Destiny, which governs mankind, reserves Americans not to beg, but to be begged of, all over the globe. Except for them, begging would cease from lack of material supply. Beggars are the cause of begging; Americans are its effect.

Junius Henri Browne.

These Southern Women Have Made a Mark

Atlanta, Sept. 29.—Miss Minnie G. McLelland, a novel and story writer of Virginia, reached her highest mark in a strong and touching novel, full of clear characterization, called "A Self Made Man," one of the Lippincott complete novels.

Mrs. Belle K. Abbott, a writer of prose and verse, is the wife of a well known lawyer in Atlanta. She is a Kendrick by birth, a niece to the Professors Kendrick of Vassar and Rochester, and first cousin to Helen Kendrick Johnson, so she comes very naturally by her intellectual power and her great fluency in writing. She has just completed for The Atlanta Constitution a valuable addition to the history of the state in her records of Cherokee Indians.

Elizabeth W. Bellamy, of Mobile, used to write under the somewhat fantastic pen name of Kamba Thorpe, but of late years has unveiled her identity. Readers of Belford's Magazine will recall her beautiful study of life in the old south, a novel entitled "Old Man Gilbert."

Miss Laura Haygood, now in China, is a very intellectual and fervid woman, the sister of Rev. Atticus Haygood, author of "Our Brother in Black" and "The Man of Galilee." Miss Haygood made a remarkable record as a teacher before she decided to devote herself to missionary work, and has been an interesting and forcible writer on education, church work and foreign missions.

Miss Grace Elmy, of New Orleans, has made a name and fame by her powerful and fascinating stories of creole life. Her "Monsieur Motte" was a charming conception. All of her romances are beautiful. Her first novel, "Earthlings," came out as one of the Lippincott (magazine) novels. Charles Dudley Warner is her literary foster father. Mel R. Colquitt.

Keep Him from Saying "Darn It."

To mend a very large hole in socks or woven underwear tack a piece of strong net over the aperture and darn it over it. Thus mended the garment will be stronger than when new, and look far neater than if darned in the ordinary way. This fact will prevent many a young wife from making a botch of her work and earning the contempt of her husband.

A Temperance Beverage.

The business of preparing pure grape juice for the market, which has been carried on by Mrs. Emma Taylor, of Woburn, Mass., has passed into the possession of a syndicate of the Woman's Christian Temperance union, under the firm name of Mrs. Sarah C. Sampson & Co., Bedford, Mass.—Exchange.

Keeping Posts from Decay.

Sulphate of copper is recommended for keeping posts and timber from decay. It is stated that in Norway telegraph poles are preserved by boring inch holes and filling with sulphate of copper crystals, and afterward plugging the holes with wood. The crystals gradually dissolve and permeate the wood, turning it to a greenish color.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

TAINTED BLOOD.

The "Records" Made by Two Notorious Families.

TALES OF MURDER AND SHAME.

The Rise and Fall of the Wells Brothers, Who Were Without Fear or Respect for the Law—Evil Lives and Fate of the Carroll Sisters.

The naturalist who would set forth the anatomy of buffaloes does not have to dissect and skeletonize a whole herd; one good average specimen will do. Similarly, in order to understand the state of society which once prevailed on the lower Wabash

"BEEZE WAS TOO QUICK FOR HIM."

and Ohio and adjacent parts of the Mississippi, it is not necessary to write a history of the desperadoes; the last of the lot will do.

The last specimen of this particular lot is Aden Wells, now in jail for killing Stephen Files, and destined either to spend a life residence at the Indiana penitentiary, or, in the classic language of the Wabash, to "stand on nothing, look up a rope and kick at the United States."

In the Wells family, of which he is the last, the student of social science may find a fair type of all the "Massac gang" and the "Murrill set," the robbers of the Cave-in-the-Rock and all the "Old Nauvoo set," which included John Long, Aaron Long, Granville Young, Jack Reddin, Bill Hickman and many more whose deeds made them noted from Louisville to Salt Lake City.

The Wells family were mongrels—uniting the blood of three races. The ancestor was a flatboatman, white, a native of the Big Sandy region of Kentucky, and a runner on the Ohio and Mississippi in the days when boatmen generally were a rough set. This man took for his mate a brown woman, the daughter of a runaway colored female and a Shawnee Indian. Among their offspring was the once notorious Yancey Wells—half Caucasian, quarter Shawnee and the rest Afric-American. The title Shawnee, be it noted, means "outcast" or "exile," that tribe having been driven from Ohio to Florida and then fought its way back to the Wabash, and having no "land rights" there.

With such an ancestry no one expected Yancey Wells to be a nice boy and grow

JOHN F. PETILLIOTT.

up to be a Sunday school superintendent. He became a desperado and a dead shot; killed one man and wounded another, married a colored woman and reared the hardest family known on the Wabash. Isaac, the oldest son, served three terms in three state penitentiaries; the sheriff's posse got after him the last time for horse stealing; he resisted, and was shot dead. Charlie, the second son, killed two men, and declared his intention to kill "Beeze" Poole, of Mt. Carmel, Ills.; but "Beeze" was too quick for him, and Charlie got his death shot at the first round.

The younger son, Allen, passed from earth in a melee which is a mystery. Along the Wabash are still a few half swampy tracts in which some of the old "half horse, half alligator" set yet linger. Half paupers, half outlaws, the deserted wife and the unwedded mother, the criminal and the morally feeble—all these are found occasionally in those riverside camps or settlements. One of their many quarrels ended in the death of Allen Wells. His body was laid on the railway track and badly mangled by the next train. Nor could the courts ever determine who was responsible. Another of the sons is in jail at Princeton, Ills., for shooting with intent to kill.

Aden Wells, who recently killed Stephen Files, has his full share of the family cussedness. Such is the type. But their day is past. Vigilance committees on both sides of the Wabash, acting in concert,

MARY PETILLIOTT.

have made it impossible for them to use that stream as of old in evading justice, and the general clearing up of the swamps and forests has left them no refuge. The "White Caps" are fast finishing the business of the others in the hilly region, and even now one may say that the criminal romance of all that region is a thing of the past.

So far as criminal activity goes the record of the Wells tribe is duplicated by that of another family living to the eastward of the Wabash region—the Carrolls, of Columbus, Ind. Twelve years ago on a cold winter day Mrs. Carroll, a widow with three growing girls, was dispossessed for non-payment of rent. Want as much as inclination drew the steps of the children—Mary, Vinnie and Daisy—toward the path of vice. Vinnie is now a notorious character of Louisville, and Daisy is a resident of Texas, to which state she fled after pulling down to ruin Frank Jones. Jones embezzled $60,000 from his employers at Springfield, O., and lavished it on the young woman. About the time his funds gave out Daisy ran away and the officers of the law appeared. Jones is now serving a term in the Ohio penitentiary.

The other sister, Mary, had small excuse for being a bad woman. She married John F. Petilliott, and for a while was a model wife and church member. Then the taint in her blood asserted itself. She became the heroine of numerous escapades. Her husband caused her arrest for associating with notorious characters. The couple separated, and the woman threw all restraint aside. Petilliott met her in a hotel dining room and shot her dead. Now he is in jail at Columbus, and soon will be tried for murder.

A DOCTOR'S BIG PATIENT.

She Sorrows on Being Compelled to Leave Her Physician.

Mary is 140 years old, and never knew an hour's illness until the other day. Then she began to complain. She moaned and swayed from side to side. She refused to eat peanuts, cabbage leaves or hay, and took no interest in the gossip of her companions.

As Mary is the trick elephant and chief attraction of a California circus she naturally became an object of extreme solicitude, and when Santa Rosa was reached an employe of the show went for a doctor. The physician called, declared that his practice among four legged pachyderms had not been extensive, but if the owners of the elephant chose to take chances he would not be outdone.

ADJUSTING THE ELEPHANT'S TRUSS.

On these terms a bargain was struck, and the doctor went to work. He found that Mary was suffering from an aneurism of one of the small arteries below the stomach, and prescribed a truss. It was a big affair—the truss—but it did the business. During the examination and subsequent bandaging Mary and the doctor kept on excellent terms, the patient fondling her preserver with her trunk, and giving vent to a huge grunt of relief as the truss was roped into place.

Mary is now on the high road to health. One regret only retarded her recovery—the fact that she had to part with the doctor when the show left Santa Rosa.

Put Her Sirup to Good Use.

Some of the girls of Chicago are not to be approached by impudent strangers with impunity. While two young women were passing Lincoln's drug store, at Ogden avenue and Congress street, the other evening an elegantly dressed young man accosted them and insisted on accompanying them. His advances were repelled, but this did not subdue the importunate snob. Finding verbal protest unavailing one of the young women, who had just come with her companion from a neighbor's house, where she had borrowed a quart of sirup, flung the contents of the pail at the head of the dude. He hailed a passing cab and was driven to the West Side natatorium to get cleansed. The woman washed the sirup off her hands in Lincoln's drug store.

Dead at the Gaming Table.

The frequenters of a gaming house at Fort Wayne, Ind., quit playing suddenly the other afternoon. The dealer's face paled and the man on the lookout nearly fell off his high chair. A corpse sat with them at the table, the dead hand outstretched over the green cloth. Kip Carmen, a well known citizen and a former foreman of the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne and Chicago railroad shops, had entered the room a moment before and had seated himself at the table, when heart disease, excited by the exertion of climbing the long stairs, suddenly ended his life.

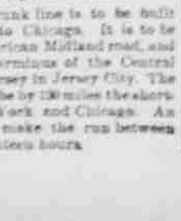
Deer Hunting with an Engine.

One evening recently the Eastern Minnesota railway's limited train left Mansfield north bound twenty-seven minutes late. While the train was running nearly sixty miles an hour a herd of deer dashed across the track at the entrance of a cut. It was too late to halt, and the train passed through the herd, throwing them right and left, but did not stop. When the train arrived at the next station a magnificent buck deer was found dead on top of the pilot. The engineer estimated the herd at over a hundred.

She Shot to Kill.

Samuel Goldberg, the handsome young "lady killer" of San Francisco, is dead.

He called one evening not long ago at the residence of Millie Panhorst, a girl with whom he had been on extremely friendly terms for nearly two years. He quarreled with her stepfather, and Millie apparently tried to pacify the two. Suddenly, however, she drew a pistol and fired at Goldberg exclaiming, "Curse you, take that!" The young man fell. The girl helped him up and aided him to leave the house. He was found by the police leaning against the wall of a grocery a few doors from the Panhorst residence. The girl was fondling him and exclaiming between sobs, "Forgive me, Sam!"



MILLIE PANHORST.

Millie was taken to jail and Goldberg to the hospital. The wounded man died in a few hours, after suffering great agony. The pistol ball had gone clear through his body, tearing its way through the stomach, liver and small intestines. As near as can be ascertained Miss Panhorst shot him because he refused to marry her. Goldberg was 27 years of age.

Bucephalus, the celebrated horse of Alexander the Great, always knelt down to take his master, who was the only person who could mount him. He was 30 years old at death and Alexander built a city for his mausoleum, which he called Bucephalus.

Barbox, the Cid's horse, survived his master two years and a half, during which time no one was allowed to mount him, and when he died he was buried before the gate of the monastery of Valencia, Spain, and two elms were planted to mark the spot.

Engine No. 1209 of the Pennsylvania railroad does more work every day than any other locomotive in the world, making two round trips (808 miles) between Altoona and Pittsburg every week day, and one on Sunday. Its weekly mileage is 8,567 miles, or the equivalent of the circumference of the earth every two months.

Another great trunk line is to be built from New York to Chicago. It is to be known as the American Midland road, and is to begin at the terminus of the Central railroad of New Jersey in Jersey City. The route selected will be by 130 miles the shortest between New York and Chicago. An express train will make the run between these places in eighteen hours.

TIRED OF THE WAR

Friends of Baseball All Wish It Were Ended.

WILL THERE BE A COMPROMISE?

This Is the Question That Is Agitating the Minds of All the Cranks, and, Let Us Whisper It, the Managers and the Players as Well.

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Everybody on both sides of the baseball war is weary of the fight; the public demands its cessation, and the press of the country is shouting for a compromise.

Will there be a compromise?

Well, there is no doubt but some kind of an agreement will be reached under which there will be comparative peace, but that any agreement can be made this winter which will bring back the great enthusiasm of 1889 and make 1891 a memorable and profitable season in the annals of the game is not so sure. Undoubtedly an agreement can be made that would accomplish this much desired result, but there are so many conflicting interests to be considered that it is almost an impossibility to reconcile them at this time in a successful manner.

The greatest stumbling block will be the differences in the city of New York. There is really only one way to settle them so that the business in that city will be profitable, and that is to amalgamate the two clubs there. The city of New York will not support two clubs, although amply able to do so from a population standpoint. New Yorkers want one club to shout for, and one only. The season just finished has shown that very plainly. According to the official figures given out by the two clubs the combined attendance was 307,240—Brotherhood 143,271, League 63,969. Reduced to dollars and cents the home receipts were: Brotherhood $41,190, League $23,987. The actual receipts were not over $32,000 for the Brotherhood and about $17,000 for the League. To do a profitable business the home receipts of a club in New York ought to very nearly reach the sum of $50,000. Both clubs lost money this year, and had it not been for an unusually large attendance away from home both would have been tremendous losers, the League club suffering heavily as it was. That another season of conflict would improve matters is not at all likely, or that another season without conflicting dates would allow both clubs to do a profitable business does not follow, as there was very little improvement in the attendance, with one exception, and that a Saturday game with the Bostons on the non-conflicting days of 1890.

The great objection, however, to an amalgamation in New York is the fact that the backers of the New York (P. L.) club are the head and front of the Players' league; they are the men who hold large interests in the Brooklyn and Pittsburg clubs, and, what is more, they are the men who put up the main portion of the $40,000 raised by syndicate for the purchase of the Cincinnati club. It will be seen at once that were these men to consent to an amalgamation, and the amalgamated club should play in the National league, that the Players' league would be in a very bad way. Indeed it would be practically impossible that those men should continue in the Players' league and own a half interest in a National League club. The boot would be put on the other foot, for the National league will never agree to abandon New York. If there is an amalgamation the amalgamated club must be a member of the National league. Amalgamation could be arranged without difficulties of this kind in all the cities save Philadelphia, Chicago and Boston, and in those cities it is very likely that both clubs could live if at reasonable working under a non-conflicting schedule. It seems to me that while there is every indication that two clubs cannot be run successfully in New York, the circumstances are such that the experiment will have to be continued another year.

Much can be done, however, even though an entirely satisfactory compromise cannot be reached. As I have said, both sides are ripe for an opportunity to try and arrange the terms of peace. Allen G. Thurman, Jr., the attorney of the Columbus club, is engineering the scheme for the conference. Through his diplomacy the American association will probably ask the two big leagues, neither of which will make any advances to the other, to meet the association in a conference to see what can be done toward terminating the present unfortunate condition of affairs in baseball.

This conference will surely be held, and it cannot but result in the good of the game. There are some things it can agree upon, and will agree upon, if there are not too many hot heads among the conferees. It can agree upon a non-conflict of dates, a change of names of clubs in those cities where there are two organizations, a division of the holiday plums in the season's best dates, some mutual changes, or rather exchanges, in regard to circuit, and most important of all, it can agree upon a policy of non-interference with each other's players. That these things will be accomplished I feel sure, and it is more than likely that if any treaty of peace can be agreed upon it will be crowned by the admission of the Players' league to the National agreement, and that this will be done with very few modifications to that document.

The National league can abandon Pittsburg and the Players' can in return drop Cleveland. The League got some 30,000 people to its games at Pittsburg, and the Players got some 30,000 people at Cleveland. Columbus or Louisville can be taken in place of Cleveland, and Baltimore could replace Pittsburg. With the Cincinnati deal completed the three major organizations could condense themselves into these circuits:

National—New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cleveland, Brooklyn, Columbus.

Players'—The Giants, of New York; Athletics, of Philadelphia; White Stockings, of Chicago; Beaneas, of Boston; Blue Stockings, of Brooklyn; Cincinnati, Pittsburg, Louisville.

The names in the latter circuit are suggestive, unless it was desired to call Ward's team "The Wonders."

With peace on even such terms as I have outlined professional baseball might be rehabilitated. If two clubs in any city continued to be a money losing investment through another season new lines could be made for 1892.

The arrangements I have suggested seem to be in the line of those that are likely to be agreed upon.

Let us have peace at any cost.

W. I. Harris.

Among the German peasantry a belief long existed that the wood of the pear tree, or, as some think, an imaginary Dryad inhabiting it, possessed a charm against the malady.

Evening Things Up.

They were talking of bowling. "Aren't you afraid, Henry, dear," she said softly "that such excessive exercise will make your right arm larger than your left?"

"I never thought of it in that light," he replied thoughtfully. "Perhaps you had better change around on the other side."—New York Sun.